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The Pinkerton Critic

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CLASS	REP	ORT	ERS	
Senior Reporter				Toon Court
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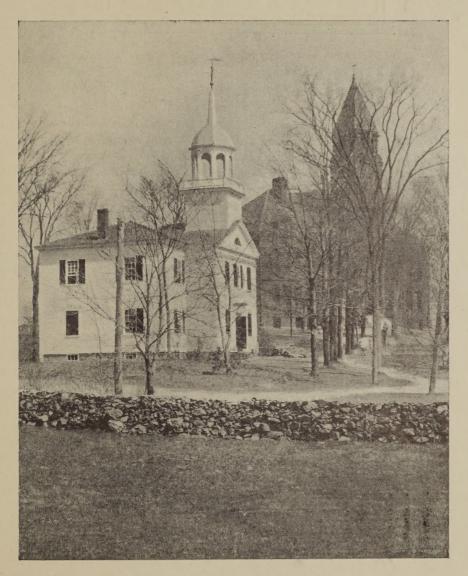
Miriam Dearborn

FACULTY ADVISER
Olive M. Abbott

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

"O PINKERTON, WE HAIL THEF."



PINKERTON ACADEMY DERRY VILLAGE, N. H.

Derry Public Library
64 E. Broadway
Derry, NH 03038



Sometimes, 'though it is silly, I get very sentimental about old things like furniture, clothes, buildings. Take Pinkerton, for instance, I go about every day with many unimportant things occupying my mind, when suddenly I stop and think. How many like me have walked through the same halls and climbed these same stairs, gone to the same classes, and, perhaps, read about the same things? There must have been hundreds and even thousands. If you look very carefully at the stairs, you will see that there is a worn mark on them. It is a reminder of how old P. A. is, and how many students have trod up and down the stairs, perhaps skipping one or two when the traffic officer's head is turned. Yes, and they probably heard the same old familiar, "Take it easy on the stairs!"

Have you ever noticed how some of the laboratory stairs creak when you step on them? They have probably given away many a tardy student who has wished to be as inconspicuous as possible when coming to class. After a while you get to know each step so well that you are able to go up the stairs with little or no noise.

Pinkerton has changed, but just a little. The trees that were planted many years ago by graduates provide satisfactory shade with their spreading limbs. They are also responsible for the shower of snow you feel sliding down your neck in the winter months. In the fall the trees help make a most beautiful picture with their many colored leaves acting as a background for the towering red brick building with the sloping lawn and curving driveway in front of it.

We must not forget what is now known as the Freshman building. What a story it could tell! There are many initials carved on the double desks and seats We are still wondering about the weather vane, which turns slowly when the wind blows. As far as we know, the vane is made in the shape of a fish, but that's all we know about it. The Freshman building is not as large as the main building, but its age gives it a very distinguished position in our life at P. A.

There is one thing I like very much to do when I get in a sentimental mood, such as I'm now in. I like to gather all past issues of the Pinkerton Critic, and I like to read them and look at the pictures of students who make up the adult portion of our town. It is fun to recognize the picture of an intelligent young man as the father of a popular athlete, or the picture of a shy, young girl as the mother of an active, young miss.

There are probably many pranks repeated each year, such as stealing up to the bell tower on Hallowe'en night to ring the huge bell at midnight, and then piling debris on the front steps so the dignified (?) Seniors have to enter by the Devil's Den or Angel's Abode door.

Next June another class will be graduating. This time it will be a different experience for me, because I'll be one of the graduates instead of one of the invited guests. I look forward to it with two conflicting emotions. I want to graduate, because it means I will be able to do that which I have always longed to do. At the same time, I am a little sad, because I have had four years of good times at P. A. One thing is sure—I'll always have pleasant memories, even of the few misunderstandings which are part of everyday life. I'll always remember the excitement of going to an out of town game and the thrill of an undefeated season.

Our country is now in the midst of a terrible war, which has taken away the lives of many graduates of Pinkerton. The gold star on our service flag shows that. We know that these gallant men sacrificed their lives so that schools like Pinkerton and students like us could live average, normal, American lives without fear.

We high school students may seem very silly at times to our parents and teachers, but each and every one of us appreciates our American way of life, and we often give a prayer of thanks and gratitude that we are living in America. We will never forget what the gold star on our service flag means, because we feel that we were close friends to every past graduate of Pinkerton Academy.

The Editor



Dear Spring,

For days and days I've waited for a chance to send a welcome to you. I've watched and waited, not always with patience, for one sign, one symbol of your coming.

I've watched the trees, which, with their barren limbs waving to and fro, have become restless, silent, as though tired of their own bareness. I've listened to the wind whistling through their branches as if to say, "Have courage; spring is not far off!" For the trees are waiting too. Waiting for you to come and touch them, giving them in your touch new life, new hope, new beauty, and escape from their annual bondage.

I've watched the sun climb higher and higher, its smile growing brighter and brighter. I've watched the snow shrink, receding, my hopes soaring, only to be dashed down as a new blanket falls, hiding from view the brave, smiling sun.

I've watched for your messengers—the birds. Maybe it is right that they should bring to me the first glad tidings of your pending arrival. For you have picked for your bearer such a small, innocent, cheery little fellow. Little did he realize the joy he gave me to see him sitting on the tree outside my window in his bright, red coat, singing his song of joy unto the world.

But, maybe my feelings can best be expressed by quoting the words of Robert Browning.

"The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn, Morning's at seven, The hillside's dew-pearled. The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

Joan Gardner '45

SPRING CLEANING

Spring to some people brings thoughts of the return of flowers and leaves; to others, spring fever, and to still others the disappearance of snow and the return of warm weather. But to me spring always brings to mind spring cleaning and for a very good reason.

Being a naturally lazy person, I always shrink from any task which involves work, and spring cleaning is just that—work.

Ordinarily, during this time I only come home long enough to stuff my pockets with food and then dash out before I am enmeshed in the web of work.

However, last year my mother went away, and wouldn't you know, just in time for me to do the spring cleaning. She left instructions for me to follow but I soon discarded them altogether. Can you imagine—she wanted me to wash the paint and beat the rugs!!

I did do what I considered essentials—dusting, sweeping, hiding things that made the house look cluttered. (To this day I can't remember what I did with my mother's last pair of nylons.)

Having accomplished all this in a half hour, I suddenly became ambitious and decided to wash the kitchen floor. I sought for and finally found the pail my mother always used to wash the floor. I coundn't find a mop, so I took a piece of cloth and started to scrub.

My back began to get tired after the first five minutes. I stood up for a moment, and as I stepped back, I put my foot into it in more ways than one. My foot was wedged in the pail, and as I struggled to free it, I knocked over the pail. Disgusted and almost in tears, I managed to pick myself up. The water was already spreading over the floor, and I decided it was too much trouble to mop it up, so I left it to dry.

I next ventured to wash the curtains. I put them into the washing machine, but oddly enough, when I went to take them out, they were in shreds. Realizing my mother would have a fit when she found out what I had done with the very best curtains, I began to think, a very painful task I assure you, of a plan to replace them.

It was at this timely moment my mother arrived unexpectedly on the scene. One glance around the house told my mother the whole sad story—the streaked floor, the bare windows, the general disorder; and then she turned to me. Believe me, if looks could kill, I'd be dead now. I retreated rapidly, moving faster than ever before in my life.

Another spring is coming, but I am sure I will never again have to worry about spring cleaning. My mother had enough help last year to last a lifetime.

Elaine Latulippe '45

PIPE SMOKING - ON AND OFF

Pipe smoking is a great and wonderful art. Now that cigarettes are becoming so difficult to buy, more and more people are turning to a pipe to satisfy their tobacco wants. In fact, they even have women smoking pipes now. Of course, if you really want cigarettes awfully bad, you can always go to the fourth door to the right, knock three times, and ask for Eddie; but after all we're not all butt fiends, are we?

All those men who first smoked tobacco must have had the right idea. Did they whip out a pack of Chesterfields and stick one in their mouth? No, instead they put their trusty old Imported French Briar pipe gently in their mouth and filled it with their favorite Kentucky Blend and then relaxed.

Another thing I like about a pipe is that you can relax in a big easy chair and suffocate your sorrows in smoke. And then again a pipe sticking out of the side of your mouth does give you a sort of masculine look.

Well, anyway cigarettes are just too doggone hard to get these days.

Myron Richardson '45

A BASEBALL CAREER

Perhaps the most popular of all male professions is that of a baseball player Every man who is interested in sports, baseball player or not, enjoys baseball, either to play it or to listen to a game.

A ball player, in order to play in the big leagues, must know everything about the game; he must be able to hit and field expertly, and he must at all times keep in training. The first thing for him to do is to establish his reputation as a player in high school. Then if he can get on a semi-pro team, he will obtain much needed experience.

Luck has a lot to do with getting a job on a major league ball club. Of course, you have to have the ability, but in order to attract a big league scout, old Lady Luck is pretty important. Other players are so good that they might have three or four clubs trying to sign them at once.

So much for the preliminaries. After a player gets signed by a big league outfit at the beginning of spring, he has to start his spring training at a camp. These spring training camps, as they are called, are usually in Florida or in some other southern state. There the ball player is rounded into shape. He only has to play a couple of hours a day on the average when the regular seasons start in the American or National leagues, whichever he is in.

The pay of a player is exceptionally good, sometimes as high as ten thousand dollars a season, which only lasts about five months. He then has the rest of the year to do whatever he wants to.

Of course, a career as a baseball player has its disadvantages; namely, that you only keep your job as long as you play satisfactorily, for there is always someone ready to take over your position when you start slipping.

Baseball is a thrilling and exciting game, which you can easily find out by asking one of the millions who attend baseball games each year.

Charles Johns '46

THE PAPER SHORTAGE, OF 1945.

This paper shortage has produced a scrap-paper drive which gives you something to do with last week's newspapers besides wish they were somewhere else. But the paper shortage has failed to produce a lot of changes for the better which you would naturally expect a paper shortage to bring about.

For example, the paper shortage has prevented the department stores from enclosing self-addressed envelopes with their monthly bills, but it has not caused them to stop stuffing the envelope with a complete file of propaganda in favor of non-rationed shoes made from beans and "1000 sheets of note paper with your personal letter-head and 300 envelopes for \$1.79."

Furthermore, it began to look, after a few months of this paper shortage, as though it would be possible to learn that one's presence was requested by Mr. and Mrs. Cockalocker MacGonagle at the marriage of their daughter, Jane Doe, to Buck Private Muratroyd Oswald Dedpann, IX, by opening one envelope, instead of having to open two. The fact that the outside envelope is customarily addressed: "Mr. and Mrs. Forthergill Foster, The Rock, St. Alywyshis, Arizona," while the inside envelope reads simply "Mr. and Mrs. Foster" is a barrier to reform. But considering that we have a war going on, and considering what happens to a lot of two-envelope marriages, the extra trouble does not seem important.

Nor can I find that anything has been done to eliminate that pesky little slip of tissue paper from the toes of new socks. To be sure, if you pay less than sixty-nine cents for your socks, you don't get tissue paper in the toe, and therefore run no risk of that manace to wearers of expensive lisles and mixtures. I refer to the dread malady known to all mankind as confetti foot. But there must be some use for that piece of tissue paper which only tickles the feet of buyers and makes a general nuisance of itself.

One more leak—I refer to those little paper boosters that shirt manufactuers will insert under the neckbands of new shirts, apparently to make it impossible to pack a new shirt in the ordinary week-end bag which, as things are, will accommodate nothing thicker than a ham-and-cheese sandwich — but that is entirely something else.

Anyway, with all these means of saving paper and the nerves of the American people at the same time, I'm going to hang to one of those old numbers of the Racing Form until a few of these abuses are corrected.

Joe Chesnakas '47

OUR HENRY

Henry Bixby was about 16, physically. Mentally, well, I am not in the position to say. I never quite knew what was wrong with him, but I had a pretty good idea. He was just naturally stupid. No reflection on the parents, of course, although I could not say better of them.

Henry was the oldest of four children. The others being Percy, 15, William, 12, and Mary, 8. It was very surprising to learn that Mrs. Bixby had been a school teacher. She gave no appearances of such.

Well, to continue, Henry was the oldest of four children and was in the seventh grade. So were the other two boys. Whenever I asked how he was progressing, he would answer, "I don't know," at which everyone would laugh, and Henry would become crimson.

Whenever he talked, he screwed his mouth into such an awkward position that I was afraid he would twist it off, which, of course, would be impossible.

Henry traveled with my brother Bob, who was in the same grade. As a result, Henry was a permanent guest at our house. After everyone had gone to bed, bursts of laughter would issue from Bob's room, and I knew that Henry had not gone home.

Henry's family was quite poor, but not too poor that they couldn't keep the faucet turned on. Even if there were an ocean outside their house, none of them would want to come in contact with the water more than once a month.

Henry was the most picturesque. He would wash the middle of his face clean, but around the ouside—Lord! Once my mother thought he had side burns, but at closer sight, she exclaimed it was a layer of dirt extending from his hair to the top of his collar. What was beyond the collar, we could well imagine.

I cannot truthfully say that I have never seen Henry wearing any new clothes, for one day I saw something standing in the kitchen with a very becoming suit on. It was Henry, and to my surprise, he looked extremely well. It must have been his day to clean up, for his face beamed with cleanliness, and his neck looked a couple of shades lighter. I asked him how he managed to secure his cowlick, and his mouth widened into a shy grin, and his face again turned crimson. Poor Henry.

Henry explained that he was taking his girl to the show that night, and he had to be careful not to soil his suit. He was careful, but not careful enough.

Later that evening my mother said that Henry had fallen face down in the mud, and his once clean suit had become a different color.

I went to the second session and whom do you suppose I saw? Yes, Henry! He was sitting not more than three seats in front of me smiling happily at the girl beside him. Henry still had his new suit on.

Last night Henry came over to play cards. His knowledge of cards extended to the game of Steal The Old Man's Pack. However, I took him as a partner in Whist and gave him a few pointers. After my speech he exclaimed that he knew the game, and he proceeded to play. Two hours later there was a hope of winning one hand, but I guess it wasn't to be. He would play the wrong card every time. He played the wrong suit two out of three times and managed to trump my tricks. I'm still in doubts as to how much he learned about the game.

Now, even though Henry isn't too bright, he has the ambition to join the Air Force. His whole life depends on whether or not his wish is fulfilled.

It would please me immensely to be able to say one day about a returning hero, "That's our Henry."

Gloria Gallien '45

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

Someone once said that England and America are separated by a common language. Could be this is true, and if it is, the same might apply to America itself. The variety of accents within the United States is numerous—and confusing.

Almost every state has its own idioms and expressions, to say nothing of the accent of whatever locality in which it happens to be.

From New York to Maine to Michigan to California, strangers are met with a blank stare at some expression or peculiar way of saying a word.

In the far west, the friendly manner is coupled with a long, easy drawl that stamps the speaker the minute he opens his mouth. Movie cowboys sometimes murder a western accent when they try too hard to be a good Westerner, something a real Texan is slow to forgive. His "Can I he'p you, ma'am?" can't be copied by anyone else.

A Southerner speaks of "you all" and "little ol" "this or that, such as the "little ol' Empire State Buildin'". And a girl doesn't wear earrings; she wears earbobs. They speak slow and easy too, and give every word its whole sound—even if some Northern pals might not understand it. Their R's aren't always there either, but left out as though the alphabet went from Q to S. It's as different and individual as thumb prints.

Still another manner of speech is that of the Midwest—clear and forceful. An R is an R to a Middlewesterner. He knows what it's for and gives it all it's worth. He's sometimes confused by a New Englander who says "Barb" the way he says "Bob", and "heart" the way he says "hot", and he calls his "aunt" his "ant" and makes no bones about it. He'd lay two to one he was right and if the dictionary said differently he'd say Webster was a fraud.

The New Englander is more like an Englishman than any other American. His R's are an indefinite sound at the end of a word—"Hahvahd"—Sometimes, though, it's put where it doesn't belong—"rawr", "Emmar", scarcely noticeable, but there all the same. His A's are English, not the broad ones many other Americans use. When he asks for "tonic" outside of New England, he's apt to get almost any kind of medicine. Yet, as in other sections, states differ.

Who can say who is right? A Southerner is right—so is the Westerner, the Midwesterner, the New Englander. They're all Americans, and they speak the way they should, until they try to copy someone else's accent. That's when they begin to be wrong.

I must admit that I'm partial to the Midwest, and I'll bet anything that Webster doesn't know what he's talking about when he pronounces aunt.

Cynthia Selden '46



Class Motes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Dear Readers:

Let us focus the camera on the Senior Class for a while.

The biggest feature of all is the success story of the Senior play. Here I will give a close-up of the final dramatic achievement of the Senior Class. The following were chosen for the cast:

Patricia Senter Gloria Monkley
Courtney Allen Areadne Katsakiores
Robert Johnson Verna O'Brien
Elaine Latulippe Everett Mills
Doris Joslyn Miriam Dearborn
James Gratton Joan Curtis
Barbara Fowler

The following managers were elected for the play:

Business Manager Samuel Low
Publicity Manager Pauline Cassidy
Ticket Manager Henry Spaulding
Stage and Property Frances Johns
Lewis Morrison

The success of the Senior Play was due a great deal to the efforts of Miss Abbott who coached it.

We were glad to welcome Albert Booky, our former class president, who visited school while home on furlough.

Another important thing accomplished was the ordering of our graduation caps and gowns.

Three star players on Pinkerton's Varsity Basketball Team are Captain Henry Spaulding, Lewis Morrison and Frederick Ball.

The Senior boys' class team is made up by Captain Robert Johnson, James Gratton, William Routhier, Samuel Low and Sidney Gross.

The following girls from our class are on the Girls' Varsity Team: Claire Cote, Areadne Katsakiores, Claire Dion, Miriam Dearborn and Janice Abbott.

The girls' class team is made up by Captain Barbara Gallien, Gloria Gallien, Barbara Fowler, Miriam Dearborn, Arline Patnaude, Verna O'Brien and Janice Abbott.

Camera, Lights, Action!!!

Let us flash to selected short subjects concerning the casanovas of the Senior Class.

We hear that Sanderson has returned to his old flame.

It is understood that the captain of our Varsity Basketball Team has a problem escorting his "friend" to and fro.

A certain maroon coupe has had much trouble getting places during this hard winter of much snow.

What certain blond casanova of the Freshman Class has attracted the attention of our top Man-Hater?

Joan Curtis '45

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Dear Readers:

The camera now moves to the Junior Room where it finds that we Juniors have been very busy.

The main event of this year was the Junior Prom which was a great success.

The committee chairmen elected for it were as follows:

Orchestra Refreshments Invitations Decorations Dance Programs Maurice Aiken Richard McAllister Christina Costas Louise Smith Yvonne Bibeault

President Ernest Booky acted as general chairman of all the committees.

A number of the girls made the Varsity Basketball Team. They are Shirley Abbott, Amy Bunker, Claire Bienvenue, Yvonne Bibeault, Edith Simpson, and Marilyn Gordon. Amy Bunker was elected Captain of the Varsity.

The following boys made the Varsity: Charles Johns, Kenneth Hartman, Wayne Evans, Maurice Aiken, Harold Gross and Eugene Fontaine.

We know if the camera could talk, it would ask-

Why the soldier said to Buckley, "I want you to know that I'm a married man"?

How many cars had flat tires on the way home from Nashua?

Why do the girls like the drums in Carl Broggie's orchestra and the boys the singer?

Why does Ruthie prefer sailors?

What connection does Grossie have with Silver Brothers?

Dorothy Young '46

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Dear Readers:

As I maneuver around Pinkerton Academy, I pause for a moment at the door of the Sophomore room to get the latest news.

As the camera comes into focus it brings a few items about basketball.

On the boys' Varsity Team there are two members of our class: Robert Bertrand and Louis Kachavos. On the girls' Varsity Team Dorcas Caron and Eleanor Martel represent our class.

Robert Bertrand was elected Captain and Norman Merizon, Manager of the Sophomore Class Team. Dorcas Caron was elected Captain and Phyllis Gratton, Manager of the girls' team. The Sophomores were champions of the girls' interclass basketball.

The class is very happy to welcome Mr. Robert England, our new class adviser. Mr. England began his teaching February 12, and had formerly taught at Wilbraham Academy, Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

Now for a few snaps of certain individuals of the class.

We wonder if Robert Bertrand gets enough shoe stamps. It's a long way to walk to Ramona's house, isn't it, Bob?

P. G., we heard that you had a good time after the Senior Play.

Is it really true that there is a "Cave Man" on Maple Street keeping Olesen company?

If "Peachy" hadn't really studied so hard learning how to become a "Mason", she surely wouldn't need glasses now.

I wonder why "Mac" is so anxious to get to the Pembroke games. Could it be that the star player, "Stan", is interesting?

Take it easy, Bev, after all Joe has only two arms.

When did Merizon change his occupation to taking care of children?

Avis Carey '47

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Dear Readers:

As I go down to the Freshman Building, I see a group of boys and girls on the stairs. Out goes my camera and Flash! They are the class officers:

President Arthur LaPorte
Vice President Avis Brooks
Secretary Joanne Butterfield
Treasurer George Tyler
Student Council Lorraine Marquis
Kenneth Lord

I pack up my camera and go into the building. What!! Another group! Why, the Class Cheerleaders: Avis Brooks, Lorraine Marquis, Bette Thayer, Roberta Willey, and Helen Martel.

This done, I go into the Girls' room. All of a sudden they are crowding around me, giving me the latest news regarding basketball. They have elected Barbara Martel as Captain and Lorraine Marquis, Manager.

Now girls! Wait! I must go into the Boys' room with my camera. I find that Arthur LaPorte made a good showing on the Varsity Basketball Team.

The Interclass Basketball Team elected George Mauzy, Captain and Kenneth Lord, Manager.

Also, the Class Banner is up, and we are very proud of it. Those on the committee were Corinne Goodheart, Bette Thayer, and Faylene Henderson. The banner was made by Helen Martel.

Flash! The Class of '48 is wondering when their President and Vice President are going to get together. (There have been rumors, you know.)

I also see that Booky has lost all "Faith" in a certain Freshman girl.

Say—I was wondering! Could the Freshman Class tell me why Fontaine is always seen at Rita Cote's house on Valley Street?

Attention!! There's a reward for anyone who finds out who Lorraine Marquis' latest is.

We've heard that Lee Plimpton has it bad on a certain Freshman girl known as Theresa Joyce. Isn't that right?

Joanne Butterfield, '48

Birls' Elthletic Motes

The long anticipated basketball season finally began in November with girls from each class flocking to the Legion Hall for practice and class games.

After a few days of practice, a team of thirteen loyal and dependable girls was picked to represent Pinkerton Academy in girls' basketball.

Let me introduce the team:

Captain Amy Bunker as center forward was a constant nuisance to our opponents due to her ability to shoot baskets. She was outstanding in all the games and was also high scorer for the season. "Keep it up, Captain."

Claire Dion as right forward ran wild in a few of the games, but she always had the fighting spirit to score for P. A. "You did swell, Zeke."

Claire Cote as center guard was hard hitting and showed her skill throughout the season. She was adept at stopping the opponents' forwards. "Cote was certainly after the Ball."

Areadne Katsakiores as left guard really flew down the floor when she got the ball. She was a hard hitting guard for the team. "Out of her way."

Claire Bienvenue as right guard showed plenty of fight in all the games. Despite the fouls she made, the team profited by her. "Five foul Lulu."

Shirley Abbott as left forward played remarkably well and showed plenty of fight and spirit. "January 12 marks the date."

Janice Abbott, a sub guard, went in with plenty of fighting spirit. "Fouls must be catching."

Miriam Dearborn, a sub forward, went right to work to get the ball into the basket to score for P. A. "Can't keep a good player down."

Yvonne Bibeault, a sub forward, played hard in the games in order to score for Pinkerton. "Keep up the good work, Bebo."

Marilyn Gordon, a sub guard, went in to get the ball to our forwards. She surely took a beating. "Temper, Temper!"

Edith Simpson, a sub guard, went into a game and caused a few fouls on her opponents. She got away with it, 'too. "Hips come in handy, don't they?"

Dorcas Caron, a sub forward, got excited every time Coach told her to go in as a substitute. She got over it though and scored for P. A. "Who? Me?"

Eleanor Martel, a sub forward, went into a game with plenty of spirit and fight. "That's the way to do it Honey."

Miss Fosberry, the coach, gave us instructions throughout the season which aided the team to victories.

Arline Patnaude, the manager, did a wonderful job, and her helpful remarks carried us over rough spots.

Marjorie Cummings, the assistant manager, did a capable job in assisting Arline.

In between Varsity practice and games, class games were played. Each class had a well represented team and all fought hard for the trophy. However, the Sophomores girls fought a bit harder and they won the championship game, beating the Junior girls in a fast game. The score was 13 to 2. The trophy was presented to Dorcas Caron, Captain of the Sophomore Team.

The team's schedule was made up of nine games, five of which were won and four lost. The games and scores are as follows:

Pinkerton	16	Pembroke	12
Pinkerton	18	Sanborn	24
Pinkerton	. 11	Alumni	8
Pinkerton	16	Wilton	31
Pinkerton	31	Woodbury	15
Pinkerton	27	Woodbury	10
Pinkerton	13	Pembroke	14
Pinkerton	22	Sanborn	20
Pinkerton	16	Wilton	27

Before I close, on behalf of the basketball team, I wish to thank Mr. Hackler for making the games possible; Miss Fosberry for her coaching; and those who in any way helped the team to get to and from games. The team appreciated it very much.

Areadne Katsakiores '45

Boys' Athletic Motes

One of the main events at Pinkerton Academy in the last few months was the football banquet, which was held at the Haynes House on Pinkerton hill and served by the Home Economics class under the supervision of Mrs. Winchester. At the banquet the sportsmanship award, which was given by one of the team's followers, was presented to Courtney Allen. The main speaker was Constantine Efthimios, who talked about sportsmanship. Letters were also given to the following players:

·	
Receiving third letter	Receiving first letter
Captain Fred Ball	Lewis Morrison
Receiving second letter	Grant Benson
Courtney Allen	Ernest Booky
Wayne Evans	Thomas Moynihan
Kenneth Hartman	William Boyce
Receiving numerals	Frank Young
Charles Bartlett	Raymond Levesque
Arthur LaPorte	

Now getting to the present day. The boys are well under way with the basketball season and are making a success of it.

The first game was with Exeter high on the P. A. court, which turned out to be a hard game, but our boys came out on top, 27 to 24.

The next game was a return battle with Exeter, which was the same type of game as the last one. The Pinkerton team again came through with a victory of 30 to 26.

Two days later Pembroke Academy came to Derry with a small but fast team, but could not make any headway as the P. A. team was hot that night and ran up the score to 48 to 31.

The next game Pinkerton journeyed to Kingston to play a strong Sanborn team on a small court, also winning this game by a score of 24 to 21.

The following game brought the old and young players to the floor—meaning the Alumni. The Alumni played a tiring game, but came out on the bottom even though the old man on the team (Eddie Holm) was on the rampage and scored 15 points. The Alumni team was made up of vets such as Ernest Barka, Albert Booky, Alfred Morrison, Alfred Hepworth, Eddie Holm, John Devine, Bill Stewart, and Russell Holm. The final score of the game was 33 to 28.

The team then traveled to Wilton and there received their first defeat by one point—34 to 33. Losing this game to Wilton spurred the team on to a victory against a strong St. Joe club by a score of 30 to 29.

Woodbury then came to Derry to face a set back of 50 to 18. The next was a return game with Woodbury again beating them by a score of 33 to 21.

The following game found the St. Joe five out for revenge, for they licked the P. A. courtmen 40 to 30 in a "nip and tuck" game.

The following night Pinkerton Academy journeyed to Pembroke and played another close game, but came out on top by a score of 43 to 30.

Sanborn came to Derry on February 14 and suffered a defeat by the P. A. hoopsters. The score of this game was 43 to 24.

On February 19 Pinkerton was out to revenge the Wilton defeat. The score ended in a 32 to 27 victory for Pinkerton.

The P. A. team was invited to the New Hampshire state tournament, held on February 22, 23, 24, for the second year in a row. They played Littleton the first game and beat them in a close game by a score of 26 to 23.

The second game was with St. John's of Concord. This was one of the best games ever played at Durham, but was a sad one for P. A. The team played a fast and thrilling game, but lost in the last few mintes by one point—38 to 39.

The individual scoring was as follows:

Player		Games	Baskets	Foul	Total	Points Per
				Points	Score	Game
Johns		13	49	22	120	9.2
Hartman		13	43	23	109	8.3
Spaulding (C)		13	43	.19	105	8.0
Ball		13	29	14	72	. 5.5
Morrison		13	9	1	19	1.4
Bertrand		7	8	0 -	16	2.2
Evans	* .	4	3	0	6	1.5
Aiken		4	2	1	5	1.2
LaPorte		8	1	1 .	3	.3
Gross		1	1	0 .	. 2	2.0
Hamer		1	0	0	0	
Bartlett		3	. 0	0	0	
Crabb		1.	0	0	0	
Won	11		Lost 2		Percent	846
D:		I 15	7 A		0.5.1	

Pinkerton scored—457 Average points per game—35.1 Opponents scored—352 Average points per game—27.0

School Activities

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a phrase which is believed by all at Pinkerton. That is the reason for the many organizations which make up part of our school life.

Not only are the clubs helpful in breaking up the monotony of studying, but they are also helpful in preparing the student for various careers. They teach han to assume responsibility.

Student Council

The Student Council continues its excellent work of governing the school and settling difficulties which arise. It strives to keep the democratic way of life alive in Pinkerton. The following students make up the Student Council:

Class of 1945—Sherman Brickett, Frederick Ball, Verna O'Brien.

Class of 1946—Ernest Booky, Donald Small, Margaret Gibbs.

Class of 1947—Paul Curtis, John Seavey, Pauline Marquis.

Class of 1948—Arthur LaPorte, Kenneth Lord, Lorraine Marquis.

Pinkerton Athletic Association

For many years the P. A. A. has been one of the important groups. It has helped to keep the high standards of sports at Pinkerton. The officers are as follows:

President Henry Spaulding
Vice President Patricia Senter
Secretary Verna O'Brien
Treasurer Charles Johns

Lettermen's Association

The Association of Lettermen is composed of those boys who have earned their letter. Every letter is a badge of good sportsmanship.

The following boys have been chosen as officers:

President Henry Spaulding
Vice President Wayne Evans
Secretary Maurice Aiken
Treasurer Charles Johns

Letterwomen's Association

The girls who belong to the Association of Letterwomen have worked hard to achieve this position by participation in extra curricula activities. The officers are as follows:

President Areadne Katsakiores
Vice President Claire Dion
Secretary Barbara Fowler
Treasurer Gloria Gallien

Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs

Each year the Glee Clubs have been formed and they have presented excellent musical programs. This year the clubs are under the direction of Miss M.

Olive Cahoon. The following officers were elected for the Girls' Glee Club:

President Miriam Dearborn
Vice President Phyllis Carey
Secretary Mildred Hanson
Librarian Eleanor Martel
Assistant Agnes Griffin
Pianist Phyllis Richardson

The officers of the Boys' Glee Club are:

President Ronald Myatt
Vice President Merton Johnson
Secretary Harold Gross
Assistants Kenneth Mason
Joe Curtis
Librarian Norman Merizon
Pianist Miss Cahoon

Future Farmers of America

The F. F. A. has always held an important position in the school activities. The club members take part in many state judging contests, and the boys bring home many a blue ribbon. The F. F. A. officers are as follows:

President Courtney Allen
Vice Prsident Frank Young
Secretary Kenneth Cross
Treasurer Ralph Floyd
Reporter Thomas Bickford

Cheerleaders

Every year we have a fine group of girls who, through many hours of practice, present an excellent selection of cheers. The school appreciates their contribution. The group is made up of the following girls:

Nathalie Chadwick — Head Cheerleader

Patricia Senter Dorcas Caron
Gloria Gallien Beverly Parks
Yvonne Bibeault Shirley Pressey
Claire Bienvenue Phyllis Willey
Shirley Abbott Lorraine Marquis

Bette Thayer

Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserves is a popular organization. Our club sent the largest delegation to the State Conference at Concord. Twenty-three girls attended. The officers are as follows:

President	Areadne Katsakiores
Vice President	Elaine Latulippe
Secretary	Barbara Wheeler
Treasurer	Shirley Abbott
Program Chairman	Patricia Senter

Alumni Motes

Marriages

Miss Bertha Smith, '41, to Clyde MacDougall.

Miss Barbara Merrill, '45, to Robert Evans, '42. U.S.N.

Miss Hilda Estabrook, '44, to Lloyd Neal, Washington, D. C.

Miss Ruth Evelyn Edwards, Jacksonville, Florida, to Robert Lamondra, '42, U.S.N.

Miss Lorraine Beauchamp, '37, to John J. Marchand, U.S.N.

Miss Laurette Lee, '34, to Robert Gibbs, U.S.N.

Miss Orris Eberhardt, Two Rivers, Wisconsin, to Paul Evans, '40, U.S.N.

Miss Alice Patnaude, '41, to Douglas Forrest, Litchfield, Connecticut.

Engagements

Miss Barbara Small, Mexico and Bath, Maine, to Vincent Ferdinando, '42.

Miss Janet Messier, '39, to George Bovin, U.S.N.

Gold Stars

Draper W. Parmenter, Jr., '43, U.S.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Draper W. Parmenter, previously reported missing, is now reported killed in action.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. Grady received notice of the death of their son, Second Lieutenant Paul G. Grady. Lt. Grady graduated from Pinkerton Academy with the class of 1935.

T-5 Edward Gelt, '40, son of Mrs. Bessie R. Gelt of Lawrence, Massachusetts, has been reported killed in action in the Southwest Pacific Area.

Deaths

The Reverend Halah Harden Loud died at his home in Arlington, Massachusetts. He graduated with the class of 1890.

Mrs. Emily Young O'Brien died in January after a long illness. She was the wife of Robert Lincoln O'Brien who is Vice President of the Board of Trustees of Pinkerton Academy.

Awards

Staff Sgt. Charles Piper, '40: The Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and three Oak leaf Clusters.

1st Lt. Everett Anderson, '40: The Air Medal with three Oak leaf Clusters, a Presidential unit citation with one Oak leaf Cluster.

2nd Lt. Clifford MacDougall, '42: The Air Medal.

2nd Lt. Foster Ball, '40: The Purple Heart.

Staff Sgt. Walter Borowski, '37: The Silver Star Medal.

Sgt. Myron Potter, '46: a citation with the Distinguished Service Unit Badge.

Odds and Ends

Seaman Nancy O'Conner, who graduated with the class of 1943, was in the first large contingent of Waves which arrived at Pearl Harbor.

Lt. and Mrs. Lloyd Hendricks, Jr. are the parents of a son, Peter Ladd Hendricks, born February 6. The mother is the former Miss Arline Ladd, '39.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dorman. The father is serving with the Navy and graduated in 1938. The mother is the former Evangeline Bennett who graduated in 1942.



Crow Motes

We hear that Hank Spaulding, The President, Vice President, and sole member of the Gardner's Club of Derry, makes good back seat weight for Cap Johnson's little red coupe. He also comes in handy for pushing purposes when the car is stuck. Hank's theme song is "Home, Home on the (English) Range".

Sam Low likes to have "Peggy" drive his car, because she has to stop so much.

We hear that Nat Chadwick has changed the Packard for a Buick. How does your cousin like the competition? Be careful of these ministers' sons.

Abbott and Crabbie have a lot of arguments. Maybe it's because they like to make up.

We wonder what Sanderson likes about Coteville. He's up there pretty regularly on Sunday nights. He must be shy to stand in the road and flash a light in the window.

Courtney certainly plays the field. We hear it's Wingate now. "Variety is the spice of life."

Small seemed to be worried during school. Don't worry, Don, your marks are all right!!!

We wonder why Hartman and Johns wanted to visit the library at Durham at 7:30 A. M. Was it to improve their education?

Does the milkman keep his bottles quiet, Joan?

Harold Gross was pretty worried at the tournament. The fellows were sure they saw his girl over there—with a sailor, too.

The match between Chuckie and little "Red" Carey sure is the long and short of it.

The Crow Association is pleased to greet Mr. England as a new member of the Faculty.

We hear there's a connection between Endicott Johnson's and the A. & P. Store.

Joslyn still has her interest in the Pillsbury store.

We like the way Barbara Gallien feigns her disinterest in boys.

Millsy doesn't park his car in front of the house any more. I guess her father came home at the wrong-time.

The Crow '45

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